

THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Vol. XXVIII.

PASCAGOULA, JACKSON COUNTY, MISS., APRIL 19, 1878.

No. 4.

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Chamblin & Henderson,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the
Seventh Judicial District.

R. Seal,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Natchez, Miss.
Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh
Judicial District.

C. D. Lancaster,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Will practice in the Courts of the Sev-
enth Judicial District.

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Claims in the Sea Shore counties.

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Will practice wherever he may have
business. Will give special attention to
Collecting Claims, examining Land Titles,
and settling Legal Claims, "quieting"
Titles to Land, obtaining Divorces, &c.

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Practices in the Courts of Jackson,
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Will practice in the Courts of the Sev-
enth Judicial District.

Dr. A. K. Northrop,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.
Will visit all points upon the Coast,
giving advice whenever he is moved, at
present at Pass Christian.

Joseph R. Davis,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Mississippi City, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the
Seventh Judicial District.

W. G. Henderson,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Humboldt, Miss.
Will practice in all the Courts of the
Seventh Judicial District. Prompt atten-
tion paid to all collections of claims.
Telegrams—Roderick Seal, Mississippi
City.

S. Moore, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pascagoula, Miss.
Office and residence near the Seashore
Hotel, residences and post-office.

F. N. Mount, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Pascagoula, Miss.
Residence at the Seashore Hotel.
Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite
the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—
10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Resi-
dence at the Seashore Hotel.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
F. BECHT,
BARBER & HAIRDRESSER,
PASCAGOULA (Depot), MISS.
Offers his services to the public as a first-
class Barber and Shoe Maker. All styles
and prices. A perfect fit guaranteed. Re-
pairing a specialty.
Nov. 4, 1877. 25-ly

B. TUCKER,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Corner Pass Christian Road & Delaney St.,
BILLOXI, MISS.
Offers his services to the public as a first-
class Barber and Shoe Maker. All styles
and prices. A perfect fit guaranteed. Re-
pairing a specialty.
Nov. 4, 1877. 25-ly

J. NIELSEN,
Watchmaker & Jeweler.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry left here
for repairs I will not be responsible for
over three months.
Scranton, Mississippi.
April 10-ly

THE OLD RELIABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
CLAS. NELSON,
SCRANTON, MISSISSIPPI.
Will do all kinds of work in his line, such
as making and repairing boots and shoes,
at the lowest living rates, and in the most
fashionable and workmanlike manner.
Nov. 4, 1877. 25-ly

LIVERY STABLE,
Pascagoula Depot.
B. F. PICKET informs his friends and
the traveling public, that he has estab-
lished his Livery Stable at the Depot,
where he is prepared to furnish horses—
saddles or to harness, with vehicles, at any
time of the day or night. Also, hauling
of all kinds done at short notice on rea-
sonable terms. With prompt and careful
attention, and moderate charges, he trusts
to merit the patronage of the public.
dec-ly

LAND FOR SALE.
The undersigned has Cheap Beach Lots
and STRIP LANDS for sale near South Sta-
tion, New Orleans and Mobile Railroad.
For further particulars, address
WM. MCGOUGHAN,
Pass Christian, Miss.
Feb. 22, 1878. 43-6m

THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.

CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.
JAMES S. HAMM, Judge.
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the sec-
ond Monday of February and August, and
continue six days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first
Monday of March and September, and
continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third
Monday of April and October, and
continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first
Monday of April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second
Monday of April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Jackson, on the fourth
Monday after the fourth Monday of April
and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Harrison, on the third
Monday after the fourth Monday of April
and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the first
Monday after the fourth Monday of April
and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth
Monday in April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the third
Monday of April and October, and
continue six days.

CHANCERY COURT—7th DISTRICT.
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first
Monday of March and September, and
continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second
Monday of March and September, and
continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third
Monday of March and September, and
continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth
Monday of March and September, and
continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth
Monday in April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first
Monday in April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second
Monday in April and October, and
continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth
Monday after the fourth Monday of March
and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Mon-
day in May and November, and continue
six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second
Monday of May and November, and
continue six days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth
Monday of May and November, and
continue six days.

In the county of Jackson, on the fourth
Monday of May and November, and
continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the fourth
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continue six days.

THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN.

I walked down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone,
And I heard not the sound of a footstep
Around me, but God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my soul could not win,
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din,
Long ago I was weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
Yet I craved what the world never gave;
And I said, in the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is toned on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still I found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the hosts of the human,
And caught a mere glimpse of his blue;
And I sighed when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And toiled on, heart-broken of the human,
And grieved 'mid the masses of men;
Till I knew long ago, in an altar,
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
"Is my resting-place with the Divine,
And I feel at the feet of the Holy,
And around me a voice said: 'Be mine!'
And then rose from the depths of my soul
An echo, 'My heart shall be thine.'"

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
"I sleep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God, night and day."

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear all the songs that I sing;
And the music flows down the dim valley
"Till each kind a word for a wing;
That to men like the doves of the dove,
The message of peace they may bring."

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall break into speech,
And I have dreamed in the Valley
Too holy for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred!
They were holy thoughts in their faces,
Their footstep was surely heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are hallowed by care?
It lies afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

A DIADDEM PEARL,
BY F. B. STANTON.

We all have seen pearls. Some-
times we meet people who have
them set in very beautiful and cost-
ly rings, with a circle of diamonds
about them. Frequently we stop
before the window of a jeweler's
store and stare at them lying on
velvet cushions, rich and rare,
and beautiful. Little cream-white,
pea-shaped gems! Every one of them
is years and years old, a great deal
older, perhaps, than either you or
I; and really, the strangest thing
of all is the story that might be
told about any one of them. Did
you ever stop to think of the very
curious and interesting history that
might be written concerning the
discovery, the nature, or the vari-
ous adventures of one single
pearl? Here is the history of this
one, for instance.

It was, to begin with, just eight
by the little French clock on the
mantelpiece. You would have said
that Laura was very comfortable
and cozy in that great easy-chair
in front of the fire. The shaded
lamp on the table near her, threw a
soft, steady light on the page of a
glittering book in her lap. And
everything was very still—so still
that Laura had actually lost her-
self. She had gone a very long
way from the fire, and the light,
and the little French clock. She
was thousands of miles away
from home in a strange country
called Persia. You will see where
I mean if you look on your map.
Right on the upper side of the Per-
sian gulf is where she was, watch-
ing eagerly all the strange things
that were taking place, for she
meant to remember about them.

The moon was high up, and all
the great wide water of the Gulf
quivered and sparkled like a cloth
of jewels spread out to cover the
world. Everywhere near Laura
crowds of dark, dusky men were
hurrying hither and thither, talk-
ing rapidly in a language she
could not understand. And there
were hundreds of tents in every
direction along the shore of the
sea, in which these strange people
lived; odd, peaked boats trembled
on the rim of the water; every-
thing was full of hurry and make-haste.
Away off behind Laura, dark hills
were looming up against the sky
and stars; all the world appeared
still and asleep, except this part
of it.

"I wonder," asked Thought, "who
all these dark, strange men are,
and what they are going to do?"
You know who Thought was, of
course. It was Thought that was
making Laura attentive and inter-
ested to find out what was happen-
ing. Perhaps you also have a Thought
of your own.

"These men are pearl-divers,"
such is the way the gift-edged book

began to answer Laura's thought;
"they have come a great way,
many of them, to pitch their tents
here on the coast, and dive every
day, during eight or nine weeks,
for the pearl-oysters."

"Pearl-oysters?" asked Thought;
"why what are pearl-oysters?"
"You have seen baskets of oys-
ters, of course, many times in the
fish-markets," the gift-edged book
continued. "I mean oysters in the
shells, just as they came out of the
river. Have you ever noticed,
when the shells have been opened,
and the oysters taken out, how
pretty and glossy the inside of the
shell is? Well, that polished in-
side is called 'mother-of-pearl,' and
is frequently cut out for knife-han-
dles and many other things. Some-
times, after oysters have grown
old, a juice runs from them and
collects on to this mother-of-pearl
in the shape of a pea. In time it
grows very hard, and becomes a
pearl. A few of these oysters con-
taining pearls have been found in
the United States; but nearly all
the best pearls that we see in the
jeweler's windows or in people's
rings come from away off here in
the Persian gulf."

A great many of the men had
now got into the boats and pushed
away from the shore. Laura could
see that they were going away to
the diving ground, and she began
to feel excited and anxious to find
out the way they got the oysters
from the bottom of the deep water.
In a moment or two forty or fifty
of the boats glided away under the
midnight moon, while the men were
singing a wild, plaintive song.
Their paddles dipped the rippling
water as regularly as the tick of a
clock; their voices rose louder and
clearer as the boats grew smaller
and smaller in the distance.

At sunrise they had come to the
end of their journey. The men who
were to dive dropped the paddles,
and stood up ready to begin their
dangerous work. They had col-
ored cloths bound their hips, and
their necked bodies and legs were
shiny with oil. Laura could see—
for she was near of course—that
the divers were filling their ears
with cotton, and placing wooden
pincers on their noses to keep out
the water. A bag to put the oys-
ters in was fastened around the
neck of each; long, sharp knives
were given them to fight the
sharks with; and then a quick
plunge and splash, and the divers
darted through the clear water to
the rocky bottom.

There are two moments in a diver's life:
One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
Then when, a prince, he rises with his
pearl.

They have been down only one
minute, for they cannot hold their
breath any longer, and are coming
up. Their faces are very red, their
eyes bloodshot, and the nose and
ears of each are bleeding. Those
who have been waiting in the boats
pull them in, empty the shells that
have been picked up, and then take
their turn in going down.

"If you will look closely at these
divers," said the gift-edged book to
Laura's thought, "you will see that
they look yellow and sickly; that
many of them have bent backs,
crooked limbs, or sores on their
bodies. They seldom live to be
very old."

The most of them dove a good
many times while Laura looked on;
and she began to wonder when they
would go home and take the pearls
from the oysters. At noon a great
swarm of sharks came around the
boats, and tried very hard to catch
a man between their teeth. These
great fish are hard to escape from
when you are in the water, because
they are large, have great mouths,
and are very quick. But the pearl-
divers know how to manage with
them. They wait until the shark
is near, then they dive under him
as quickly as you could wink, and
stab him with a long knife. The
gift-edged book told Laura all about
this; and when the divers had re-
turned to their tents and emptied
the oysters from the boats, it ex-
plained to her how they get the
shells open. They turned them in-
side deep holes dug along the shore;
and when the sun came out bright
and hot, its heat, after a while,
made them fall apart. When the
pearls are all picked out, they are
put into sieves, washed, and then
spread out on cloths to dry.

"Here they are," said the book,
"hundreds of them, pink and white
and sky-blue, large and small, all
precious gems. They are going to
Paris, London and New York, per-
haps to all of the great cities of the
world. They will be put in the
rings, the necklaces, the pins of the
rich; some of them may find a
place in the crown of a great king
or queen. Which shall we choose
for our own? Here is this one as
large as a cherry and as pure and
white as a lily-leaf. It is next to
the largest that is ever found, and
is called a 'diadem pearl.' Some-
one of the divers has risked his life
to bring it up from the ocean. But
we cannot have this one. It is
worth a great deal of money, and
before it dies—"

"Dies!" said Thought. "How
can these beautiful pearls die?"
"Well, well, we shall see," an-
swered the book.

WHERE THE PEARL WENT.

Away off in another strange coun-
try, called Russia, there lived a
very rich man, Mr. Ludwisky by
name. It was Mr. Ludwisky who
got this diadem pearl. But the
way he got it is what I want to
tell you. He had been wishing all
his life for one of these beautiful
gems, and he had traveled far and
wide in search of one to purchase.
In the great city of Paris he found
a large shop where men were try-
ing to make them. They took a
lot of glass, some fish scales, glue,
white wax, and alabaster; these
they mixed and baked in an oven.
At another place they ground up
little pearls that nobody wanted,
mixed them with lemon-juice and
gum, rolled the mess into balls as
big as a thimble, and baked them
in loaves of bread. But these baked
things were not like the real pearls
that are in the oysters. Only He
who makes the birds and the flow-
ers, and every beautiful thing, can
make these precious pearls. Mr.
Ludwisky thought these make-
believe pearls would do very well
for people who only wanted some-
thing showy, and did not care
whether or not it was genuine. So
he traveled on over to England,
and there he heard some very
strange stories, indeed, about
pearls. People used to believe, a
long time ago, that these little
gems could cure diseases if they
were rubbed on the bodies of the
sick. They thought that pearls
were drops of rain which fell into
the sea and were swallowed by the
oysters. Kings used to pay a great
deal of money for them; and fre-
quently, when they died, they had
the costly pearls buried with them.
They were worn as charms to keep
away all evil things from the for-
tunate possessor.

There were a great many beauti-
ful pearls in England, but no di-
adem pearls, such as Mr. Ludwisky
wanted. He went to three or four
other countries, and finally gave up
his search and returned to Russia.
On his way to the city of Moscow,
while riding along on his horse, he
met a strange gentleman, who asked
him who he was, and where he
had been, and what for.

"I have been trying to find a di-
adem pearl," said Mr. Ludwisky.
"Ho, ho!" cried the man;
"surely, you must be a very rich
man to be wanting to buy a diadem
pearl?"

Mr. Ludwisky answered that he
was a rich man, and that he would
give half his wealth to get this
precious pearl.

Then they went on and were sil-
ent for sometime. Mr. Ludwisky
trying to think where he had seen
this strange gentleman. Just as
he was making up his mind to ask
him, they came to a little village
where the people were running
about in great confusion, and cry-
ing out to one another to come and
help put out the fire. Mr. Lud-
wisky ran too, or that is, he
made his horse run, and the stran-
ger followed.

The fire was in a large factory in
the middle of the village, and a
great crowd stood around, watch-
ing the flames shooting up through
the smoke, and wondering what
they could do to put out the fire.
Away up on the edge of the roof a
poor carpenter was clinging, and
begging for some one to help him.
Mr. Ludwisky shouted to the peo-
ple to stand aside; and then, throw-
ing himself from his horse, he ran
in among them, and climbed
up bravely on an iron rod to where
the man was. It took only a min-
ute or two more to bring him safely
to the ground.

There was a shout of praise from
every one who had seen this gener-
ous act. Then suddenly the strange
gentleman pushed his horse close
up to Mr. Ludwisky and lifted his
hat, when, strange to say, they all
cried out, "It is the Czar! It is
the Czar!" and uncovered their
heads in a jiffy.

It was the Czar, sure enough, the
King of all Russia! And what do
you suppose he said? "Sir, stand
up. You are a noble man, and my
diadem pearl shall be yours. You
have won it by your noble action;
for all your wealth could not have
bought it."

So that is the way Mr. Ludwisky
got the pearl.

III.
HOW IT ALL ENDED.

For years people came from all
parts of Russia to see the pearl,
and Mr. Ludwisky became a famous
man. He used to receive his vis-
itors in his beautiful house, and
then lead them silently through a
great many rooms until they came
to one with a great iron safe stand-
ing in the middle of the floor. This
safe he would open with much care,
for he had to unlock one door after
another before he got to the inside,
where his strong box was hidden.
Then he took out the little box,
frightened, and opened it with a
small gold key. The pearl, the pre-
cious pearl with its marvelous lustre,
was waiting there to gladden
the sight of all with its beauty and
symmetry, and purity.

By and by, when Mr. Ludwisky
had become very old, he promised
his son Nicholas that some day, if
he continued a dutiful boy, he
should have the pearl for his own.
But it turned out that Nicholas

could not wait; he wanted then or
never, and he planned to steal it.
One day, when his father was
asleep, he took the golden key from
the chain around his neck and
battered open all the doors; he un-
locked the box very hurriedly. And
then— Well, his face suddenly
grew very pale, and his eyes were
near coming out of his head, while
he trembled so that his teeth chat-
tered. The pearl was discolored!
A sickly blue color had spread over
it, and dimmed its matchless lustre.
The gem was dead, and very
soon nothing but a white powder
would remain; it could have no
further story.

"—Eight, nine, ten!" said the
little French clock.

"Why, my! who'd have believed
it?" asked Laura, sitting up and
giving herself a shake to make sure
that she was awake. "I've been
reading this gift-edged book all the
evening, and it has seemed just as
if I was away off in Persia looking
at those pearl-divers myself. When
I see a pearl again, I guess I shall
know something about it."

Then she took just one more peep
at the book. "The inside of a
pearl," it is said, "is made of
membranes, or muscles; and when
the air penetrates to these they
decay."

"Dixie!"

When in 1857 Campbell's Min-
strels were at Mobile, Dan. Emmet,
one of the members of the com-
pany, heard the negroes sing an air
and chorus while rolling cotton on
the levee. He thought it good;
so by a little alteration he arranged
it into what is called "Walk
Around," which always winds up
the entertainment of an Ethiopian
concert. It was a success. In the
spring of 1861, when the war broke
out, Mrs. John Wood went to New
Orleans to play an engagement at
the old Varieties theater. She pro-
duced "Locusts." Near the close
of the second act there is a
Zouave march by the ladies of the
corps de ballet. At the rehearsal
of the piece the leader of the or-
chestra was in a quandary as to
what music they would have.

Carlo Patti (the leader) could not
select anything that would suit the
stage manager (T. B. McDonough),
and the consequence was that the
rehearsal came to a stand-still. At
length Patti struck up "Dixie."
It suited and was adopted, and was
played with a chorus to the same
air. "Dixie" took the town by
storm, the pianos rang with it, the
boys sang it, and the negroes whis-
tled it. A musician by the name
of Romeo Minera arranged it for a
march for the Washington Artillery
Battery, and from that hour till
now all Southern men and women
hail it with delight. Cold must be
the Southern heart that does not
glow with delight at the sound of
"Dixie." But the composer,
Dan. Emmet, what of him? Why,
he can be found in a common vari-
ety saloon at Chicago now playing
on his fiddle for a mere pittance,
eking out a miserable subsistence
playing "Dixie" to an admiring
crowd of newspaper boys, roughs
and beer-jerkers.

Mark Twain's Hotel.

Having lately opened a hashery,
I send you these, my rules and
regulations:

This house will be considered
strictly temperate.

None but the brave deserve the
fare.

Persons owing bills for board will
be bored for bills.

Boarders who do not wish to pay
in advance are requested to ad-
vance and pay.

Boarders are requested to wait
on the colored cook—for meals.

Sheets will be nightly changed
once in six months, or more, if ne-
cessary.

Boarders are expected to pull off
their boots if they can conveniently
do so.

Beds with or without bugs.

All moneys and other valuables
are to be left in charge of the pro-
prietor. This is insisted upon, as
he will be held responsible for no
losses.

Inside matter will not be fur-
nished to newspaper men under any
consideration—reporters keep
secrete.

Single men with their families
will not be boarded.

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